

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, June 19. 1707.

I Am now returned to my first Subject, and the Application is just the same, not the Wickedness and criminal Part of our Breaches, so much as on the Folly and Impertinence of them; not that Strife is not to be avoided on all Occasions, as most fatally pernicious in its Meaning, tho' GOD be prais'd, not so dangerous as formerly; but as 'tis a ridiculous, inconsistent and most absurd Piece of Folly, and on this Account it merits to be a little expos'd, and that in its Infancy before it gets any Ground in the Minds of Men, or covers the Age with the Mists and Darknels of Party-Division.

I would be glad to hear, any of the Fomenters of ancient Discords, the Preachers up of irreconcilable Differences tell us now what they have to say, that us'd to cry out, that every true Son of the Church must lift

up a bloody Banner of Defiance against his Brethren, that were always painting *Dissenters*, and *Scots Kirks*, in Fools Coats to be laugh'd at, in Knaves Coats to be mobb'd, and in Devils Coats to fright the World at their Pictures; in those times they had Pretences for these things, they had old radicated Prejudices, the wicked Remains of civil Broils, and the Blood and Ravages of the Ages past, things we had no hand in, and ought to have nothing to do with; they had the Encouragements of a debauch'd, ignorant and abominable Court, that had the Nations Destruction in their View, their unbounded Lusts in compleat Meridian, the Spirit of Tyranny in their Heads, and the Devil at their Elbows: To gild these Poysons, they had the empty, senseless, inconsistent Sham of Danger to the Church to impose upon the Iguorant, terrifie the Devout,

vout, excite the Furious, and banter the World with.

These were the blessed Assistants of those Gentlemen, that to the last Extremity kept up our civil Breaches, that continued the Nations Miseries, that push'd Governours upon their own Destruction, and Government it self into Convulsions and all Manner of Confusion; Blessed Company this was for the Sons of the Prophets to be seen in, and happy Times that any of the sacred Office should with for again.

What Distractions these things brought upon *England*, are well known, and had not the People of *England* been wise enough and brave enough to cast this Hellish Yoke off, and break these Bands, GOD Almighty only knows, whither things would have gone, and to what they might have brought us in *England*!

Indeed, if we look into *Scotland*, sad Havock has been made by that very Party, and a dismal History remains of those Times of Blood, in which these mad Men reign'd; a long Account of which I may hereafter take up these Papers about.

We have not far to seek among these People, to find out what they aim'd at, and they discover'd it plain enough themselves.

But NOW, what shall we say to them, or what can they say for themselves; their own Church has forsaken them, or rather they have forsaken the Principles of the Church; the Church of *England* disowns Prosecution as Anti-christian, and protests against it as contrary to her own Doctrine and Principles; and in spite of all our Convocation-Feuds and lower-house Frenzies, the Church of *England* has concurr'd in the mutual Stipulations of Church Security with the *Presbyterian* Church of *Scotland*, and mutual *Postulata* of Security by a Law of Liberty to *Dissenters* in *England*.

And NOW, I would fain hear, I say now, what these People can say, why we should have any more Feuds now? To quarrel before, was ill-natur'd and unkind, but now 'tis Madness and Nonfence; every Part have their respective establish'd Conditions of Settlement; every Part have their Bounds to defend, and the Law is their Guarrantee; they cannot invade one another, but they

must fly in the Face of civil Authority; they cannot disturb the Peace of one another, but they break the civil Peace, and embark the Magistrate against them.

And what's become now of all the old Zeal for Government and Authority? Where's the Loyalty and Obedience, where the submitting to Power as the Ordinance of GOD, and for Conscience, where the sacred Command of the Prince, which we were so often told to resist, was Damnation? 'Tis strange, these *Whiggs* and *Phanaticks* are become the only Loyal People on a sudden, and the Loyal Gentlemen are become factious—The Command of the Sovereign, which we have been told both from Pulpit and Press, was absolute, and not to be resisted upon any Account; how comes it to lose that Veneration, which these Gentlemen told us once we ought to have for it?

If there be any Difference in the Commands of Authority, as to what they are now, and what they were about 25 Year ago, it is, that now the Commands of GOD and the Commands of the Government exactly correspond, and then they were Contraries in the extreme: The Commands of the Government are now subservient to, then they insulted and prophan'd the Laws of GOD. 'Tis strange, Gentlemen, that this Change should bring to pass the Effect, that you should obey your Prince the less, for your Prince obeying Heaven more; and why are we *Whiggs* become Loyal, because Loyalty and Conscience have now no Disagreement?

Strange Alterations, that some Gentlemen show in the World, that in vicious and openly profane Governments persecuted their Brethren, for not submitting to that same Supremacy, which they openly affront, and even in Convocation rebel against, in a Government of Virtue, Peace, and most exactly legal Administration.

Well, Gentlemen, let this be as it will, I shall not now enter into the *Arcana* of High Church Managements, *à la mode* the Convocation; as they are extremely singular, and wonderful even to Admiration, they will admit of some Observations by themselves, but I am now upon reciprocal Behaviour and national Duty, what can all this

this signifie to one one another; if you will be uneatie at Governours and Laws, you must, we cannot help that, but there can be no Manner of Reason for private Grudges and Party-Quarrels now.

And upon this Head, methinks I might argue with a new and unanswerable Force for a Cessation of Feuds and ill Blood among us.

We are all now arriv'd to a Port, the Storms are over; or if they blow, they only

drive the Waves against the Shores, the Ship's in the Harbour, and the Voyage is made; to raise Tempests now is showing the Temper with no Expectations of Success; 'tis doing the Mischief, without so much as a Design to answer the End; 'tis attempting nothing at all, designing nothing at all and expecting nothing at all; 'tis a *Je ne sçay* Quoy of Folly, a something so ridiculous, that I want a Name for it—But I shall say a little more to it in my next.

MISCELLANEA.

I Should not have troubled the World with answering any little Questions in this *Miscellanea*, but what had related to publick Affairs, had not one Gentleman took the Pains to write to me a very serious Letter at this great Distance, for Directions what to do with a bad Wife?

'Tis an odd Story, that a Man should go so far a Field for a Doctor to cure a Distemper, that has so many prescrib'd Remedies at Home.

I forbear to print the Gentleman's Letter, because it points a little at Particulars—But I perceive one thing here, that this Gentleman foreseeing, I should be very apt to prescribe the old true and seldom failing Remedy, *Viz.* To mend himself, and be sure to be a good Husband; he takes care to tell me by Way of Anticipation, that he is a very good Husband, a very kind Husband, and the like.

Indeed, indeed, Sir, she is a very bad Wife, that a kind good Husband cannot reclaim; and if I were fully assur'd of that Part, I should be apt to pronounce her among the Incurables: But really, Sir, there are such Abundance of good Wives call'd bad ones, or made bad Ones by bad Husbands, that I am wonderful backward to believe a Woman a bad Wife from the Mouth of a Husband, that has not as good Testification of his Discretion, as of his good Nature.

Wherefore, Gentlemen, I beseech you, make no Complaints of your Wives, without prescribing particularly the Complaint

to the Crime; if she be a Whore, a Drunkard, a Scold, a Slut, there is something to be said, and either Law, Gospel, or the Custom of the Country will furnish a Body with something to say to you.

But a bad Wife is such a General, such an Indefinite, who can say what is the Cure; Generals therefore must be answer'd with Generals—Is she a bad Wife, Sir? Mend her, Husband—I am not, nor believe never shall be perswaded, but the Amendment of the one will rectifie the other—She must be a mere She-Devil, that a very good Husband cannot reclaim—But I shall be always free to say, we cry out upon our Wives Faults, generally before we mend our own.

But this Gentleman's Wife, it seems, will run him by her Extravagance; this I confess is hard—But the Answer is short—Allow all things needful, and all things suitable, and then in mere Kindness to her restrain her—But do it gently, and with Kindness and Tendernefs—And she cannot be so foolish, as not to consider, her own Ruin and Yours go together.

But here comes in another Scruple on my side again, she is SO extravagant; this Word SO is liable to SO many Exceptions, that I am still an Objector, who is Judge of it—Are not you too narrow to her? Do not you call Decency, Extravagance, and Necessaries expensive—A too vetous Humour in a Husband calls a very moderate Wife extravagant; and here such a general City-Mischief appears, and the Sex suffers so

" and tho' I have been in very little Char-
 " ty with the rest of your *Reviews*, I shall
 " be on the better Terms with you here-
 " after.

Ex eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Here are, say they, in the North, a *Hand-
 sle* of Questions, *that is*, a Handful, or in
English, a great many for one Man to ask,
 and yet more for one poor Body to answer.
 —And dear Sir, what have I ever wrote,
 said or done to be taken for a Fortune-teller?
 —I'll pretend to foretell a thing, *as they*
call it, after it come to pass, *as well as ano-*
ther Body; and I know as much of these
 things, as any Man in *Britain* that knows no
 more of them than I —But as to Sooth-say-
 ing, you must go to your old Friend *Gad*
bury, *Will. Lilly*, poor *Robin*, the sage *Mr.*
Partridge, or the *Millan Almanack* made
 in *Grubstreet*, and such like unborn Doctors;
 for my part I never pretended to Witchcraft
 nor Wizard neither — However, since this
 Esquire says, he will be so much oblig'd by
 it, I shall endeavour to turn this Part of
 this Paper upon these Subjects, and satisfy
 the People, as much as my Judgment and
 the Distance of the Place, I am fix'd in,
 will allow.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Royal Chymical Cosmetick, ex-
 perienced for 7 Years past, by above
 a 1000 several Persons, effectually to cure
 the most inveterate *Scabs*, *Itch*, *Tetter*,
Ring worms, *white scaly Breachings* out, often
 taken for the *Leprosy*, *Salt-Humours*, &c. In
 any Part of the *Body*, and that in a few days,
 when the *Deformity* has been some Years. It
 infallibly frees the *Face*, &c. of *Worms* in the
Skin, *Pimples*, *Pustules*, *Heat*, *Redness*, *Yellow-*
ness, *Sunburnings*, and such like *Defilements*,
 rendering the *Skin white*, *smooth* and *soft*:
 Being the most certain and safe Restorer,
 Preserver and Improver of a good Com-
 plexion, or natural Beauty, yet known. 'Tis
 a neat clean Medicine, and of a grateful
 Scent, fit to be used by the most delicate of
 the Fair Sex, or to young Children. Price
 5 s. or 2 s. and 6 d. the Bottle with Direc-
 tions To be had at *Mr. Roper's*, Bookseller
 in *Fleetstreet*, and at the *Golden Ball* in *Half*
Moon Court, on *Ludgate-Hill*.

Preparing for the Press, and great Part of
 it finished,

A Compleat HISTORY OF THE
 UNION. The Work will contain
 about 250 Sheets in Folio, to be finish'd in six
 Months from the UNION: Being an Ac-
 count of all the fruitless Attempts made in former
 Times for Uniting these Kingdoms, with a
 particular Account of all the Transactions of
 the present Treaty, the many Contrivances and
 vigorous Oppositions against it, both in England
 and Scotland, whether within the Parliaments
 or without.

Extracted out of the original Records, Re-
 gisters, Journals, and other Authorities in
 both Kingdoms.

With an Appendix,
 Containing an Abridgement of all the Al-
 terations made in the Laws, Trade, Customs
 and Constitution of both Kingdoms by the
 UNION.

By the Author of the True-Born-Englishman.

Proposals for Printing the said Book by
 Subscription, will speedily be publish'd,
 and in the mean Time Subscrip-
 tions are taken in by *John Matthews*,
Printer thereof. The Price is 20s. in
Quires, 5 s. to be paid down.



Bartlett's Inventions for the Cure of Rup-
 tures, with large Catalogues of Cures,
 from the Birth to 60 or 80 Years, at the new
 House in the Middle of George's Fields,
 Southwark, or of my Son, at his House by
 the Tavern in Prescot Street, Goodman's
 Fields, London, every Day, except on the
 Real Christian Sabbath called Saturday. We
 seldom visit till 6 at Night, unless the Pa-
 tient be in Misery or Danger, nor then with-
 out a Fee, unless poor.

You may hear of me at the Rainbow
 Coffee-House at Fleetbridge.

We have agreed for the Publick Good and
 our Credit, to assist each other (though
 parted and each for our selves) so that our
 Patients have a double Benefit, Viz. Two
 Artists to assist them without desiring any
 second Reward, unless the Circumstances be
 extraordinary.

C. Bartlett, of George's Fields.
 P. Bartlett, of Goodman's-Fields.